

Birds Fly

They Might Be Giants

Birds fly into my windshield, thoughts fall from my thoughts
This good luck charm hanging off my arm was left here by the police
Words fall out of my pockets and cats
dance under my feet
This colorful spell under which I live protects me from all I write
And the microscope reveals the scope of my
very best intentions
Yes, the tiny light shines twice as bright on the only nice part of me
Birds fly into my windshield, thoughts fall
from my thoughts
This good luck charm hanging off my arm was left here by the police

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